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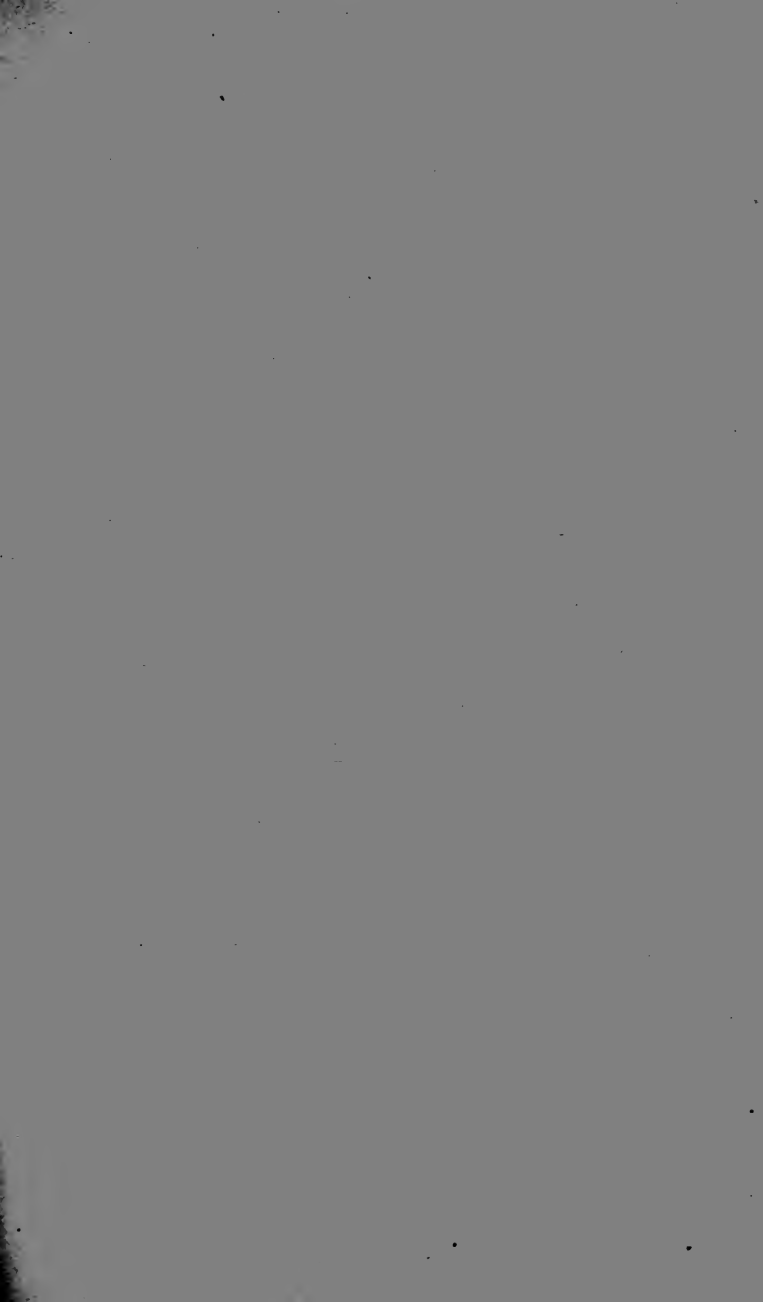
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Musings.

By GEO. E. SHIPMAN, M. D.

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CHICAGO: A

W. G. HOLMES, 122 W. MADISON STREET.

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The following desultory thoughts originally appeared in the "Chicago Foundlings' Record." The repeated assurances, by friends, that they were read with pleasure and profit, has led to their republication, with the hope that this pleasure and profit may be more widely diffused.

Chicago, December 1, 1872.

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I.

Precious Promises.

II PETER I: 4.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."

The Bible is full of them—every page sparkles with one or more; they are adapted to every conceivable situation or condition—to king and peasant, and every degree between—from the most joyful to the the most sorrowful—from the most prosperous to the most afflicted; for each and every one there is a promise, just such as is needed.

And, exceeding great and precious as they are, they are kept, every one of them. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." No one can ever say they have failed; they are God's word, and confirmed by God's oath; they can not fail.

But one says: "I dare not appropriate them, I feel unworthy of God's favor;" but the promises are not made to those who are worthy; the Saviour does not say "come unto me all ye who are worthy," but, "all ye who labor and are heavy laden." None had ever responded to the first call—many have to the last. "Whosoever will"—he is the person to whom the promises are made. See how Paul takes the promise made to Jacob and Joshua, and sends it broadcast to all believers, in all time to come: "Be content with such things as ye have, for the Lord hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And if this promise may be appropriated by all, surely all. promises may be by all who need them and receive them in faith.

But, what is this faith? Who has it? Who knows any thing about it? Is it warm to-day and cold to-morrow; all

embracing to-day, and drawn down to-morrow to nothing; believing all things to-day, and fearing all things to-morrow? No, surely, this was not the faith which Abraham had when he went to offer up Isaac; not the faith that Moses had when he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; not the faith that David had when he said, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust;" not the faith that Isaiah had when he said, "The Lord God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint and I know that I shall not be ashamed;" not the faith that Paul had every day from the hour when he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" till he uttered his last triumphant cry, "I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown," etc.

But does not God's word justly challenge belief, implicit, child-like faith? A father says, "Johnny, I will bring you a rocking-horse to-night;" and the child is just as sure of it as if he were already in possession. Thus we should believe God—implicitly. His word is to be entirely rejected, or entirely received, and where entirely received, a doubt can no more gain a foothold than a tropical plant can in an iceberg; a fear can no more find entrance in the heart occupied by faith, than the thief can when the good man of the house is around and watching. Hear grand old Nehemiah when he says, "Should such a man as I flee?" No place for discouragement in such a heart, which ever sings with David, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him." Can but such a faith be had?

11.

Walking on the Water.



MATTHEW XIV: 14.

“He walked on the water.”

How far he walked we are not told—whether a yard or a rod, or twenty of them—nor does it matter. The main thing is, he walked, and on the water. And he did it because Christ bade him. What Christ bids his disciples do they can do. Water is not a good thing to walk on, and a stormy night is not a good time to walk on the water; but if Christ bids us, we may venture, and not venture merely, but we may walk forth with the same assurance as if a solid rock were under our feet.

Peter heard the voice which bade him “Come,” but it is not said that the rest heard it at all. They might have thought him presumptuous—perhaps they said so—but Peter could not be mistaken in the voice, and was not. Daniel saw a vision not seen by the men who were with him, and Saul of Tarsus heard words unheard by his companions; so you may often hear a voice, if your ears are open to hear it, quite unheard by those about you, bidding you do things which it would be presumptuous for them to undertake, but in which you may succeed.

But Peter’s *walk* came to a sudden end. While he kept his eye on Jesus, and walked in the strength of Jesus, he walked well enough, and could have walked all night. “He saw the wind boisterous,” we are told, but he would not have noticed this, had he still kept his eye on the Master. What diverted his attention? We are not told. Perhaps pride. He might have thought with contempt of the poor frightened ones in the boat, fearing for their very lives

while he was walking on the water—such a stout-hearted man as he was; but whatever it was, something opened the door for doubt, and doubts, though airy and unsubstantial enough in themselves, are heavy enough when they take possession of the soul, especially as every doubt brings a fear with it—sometimes more than one—and fear, too, makes the soul heavy, and sometimes the body; and, to make the case worse, as fears and doubts come in, faith goes out—they cannot live together, any more than fire and water—so bereft of what was keeping him up, and possessed with what pushed him down, what could he do but sink?

PRAYER.

Lord, what a change, within us, one short hour,
 Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
 What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
 We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves the wrong,
 Or others—that we are not always strong.
 That we are ever overborne with care;
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled—when with us is prayer,
 And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

—*Trench.*

III.

Time to Reap.

GALATIANS VI: 9.

“In due season we shall reap.”

Suppose a farmer who had never planted—wheat, for instance—who had never heard of its being planted even, but undertook to raise a crop of wheat merely on the basis of God’s faithfulness. “Here is the wheat,” he says; “there is the soil; and I am told that if the soil is properly prepared, and the seed properly sowed, I shall have a crop. Indeed, I have God’s word for it, so I will try it.” Well, the seed is sown in August. In a few days it appears above the ground, and before long the farmer’s land is covered with a luxuriant growth of a beautiful emerald green. “Oh! how good is God!” he exclaims. “How faithful—how true to his promises!” His heart rises in gratitude to Him every time he passes the field, or thinks of it; but, after a while, the rains and chilly winds of autumn come on. He begins to tremble for his wheat, but stays himself upon the promises, and assures himself of a speedy harvest. But now the days grow shorter and shorter, the wheat has less of the sunshine, the nights get colder and colder, finally a frost comes. “Oh,” says our farmer, “I don’t understand this—things seem going from bad to worse—something wrong here—small chance of a harvest,” till finally he wakes up some morning, and his beautiful wheat has disappeared from his sight; the whole ground is covered with snow; the winds are howling and raging about; the cold is bitter enough, and there are all his hopes, buried with his wheat, under three or four feet of snow. Returning from his field, he meets a friend who

notices his downcast look and kindly asks him what's the matter.

"Matter! why matter enough; all my time, all my labor, all my money spent for naught; that beautiful field of wheat is buried under the snow, and this bitter cold weather looks as if it might last forever. No chance of wheat there, neighbor, but that is not the worst of it. I thought that God's promises would never fail; that his word was always sure; that seed-time and harvest would never cease. It all looks dark to me. I cannot doubt God's faithfulness, and yet here are the facts. I cannot reconcile them with his faithfulness to his promises, and I am just wretched enough."

"Oh, if that's all," says the neighbor, who had tried wheat-growing, and had gone through the same experience, "if that's all, I can help you out of your trouble. God is faithful, as you thought; no doubt of that, and you are all right, too, so far. All the trouble is that you are looking for the harvest too soon. It won't come till next July. Let the winter storms rage their worst. The snow which you thought had buried your wheat will protect it from these storms. In *due time*, you shall reap; not a doubt of it, if you faint not."

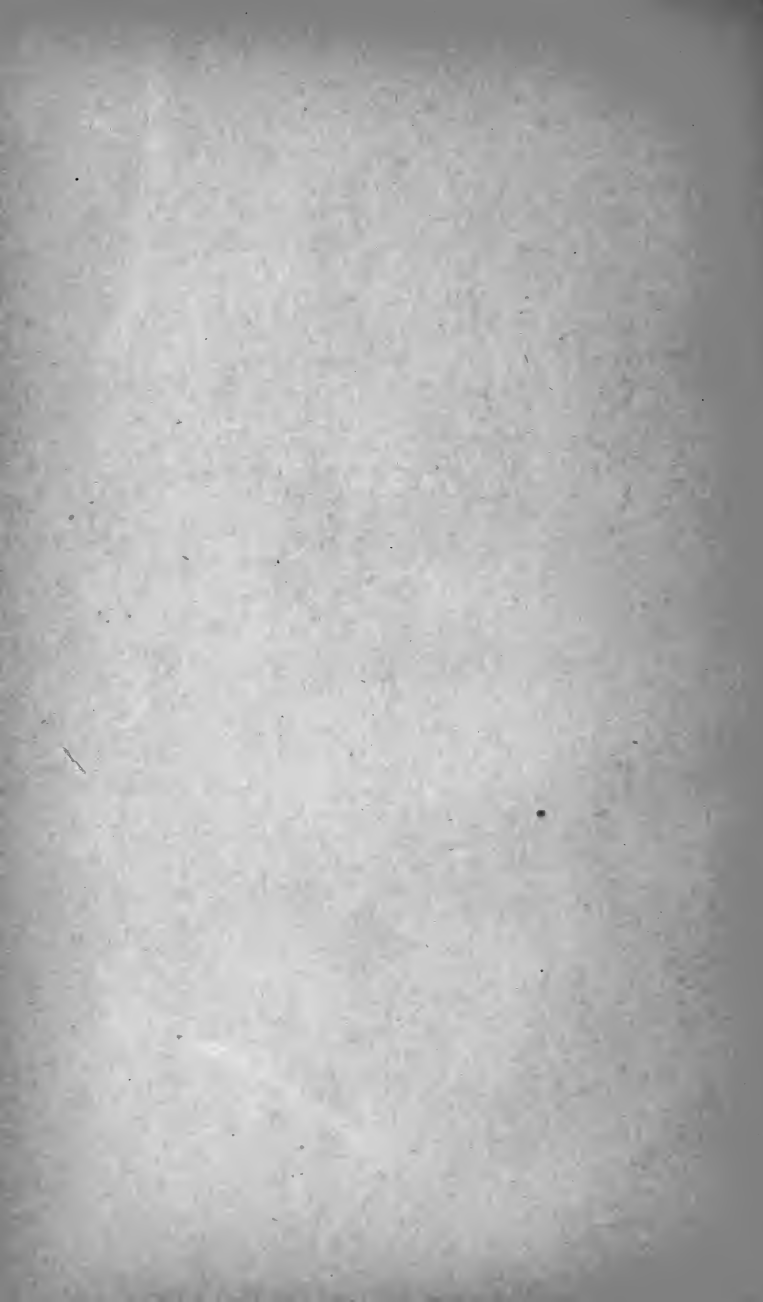
Is not this the experience of many a Christian—perhaps to a greater or less extent of every one? He engages in some work to which he thinks he is called; all goes well for a while; the sun smiles upon the earth, and the earth smiles upon the laborer; nothing to do now but to rejoice in God's goodness, and praise him; but soon trouble creeps in here, and trouble there; obstacles arise, friends prove faithless, enemies multiply, the path gets dark, he is not quite sure that he is in the right way after all; he says to himself, "Surely, if I were in the right way, I shouldn't have all these troubles. Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, but I am in a constant turmoil; troubles without and troubles within, and there seems no end to it all, why

did I ever undertake this work?" And all this because he is looking for his harvest too soon. "In *due* time" is, when he is to look for his harvest. What is to happen between seed-time and harvest he will only know from moment to moment; but this much is sure—the due time will come, and with it the harvest, and perhaps the richer and more abundant because it has been long looked for by eyes full of tears. Some seeds bring forth fruit in a few hours, some require a year, some a century; of some we do not reap the harvest till eternity; perhaps we shall be all eternity reaping some harvests—perennial harvests of joy. Can we not afford to wait a little to reap such harvests, especially as the promise is—*if we faint not?*

GOD.

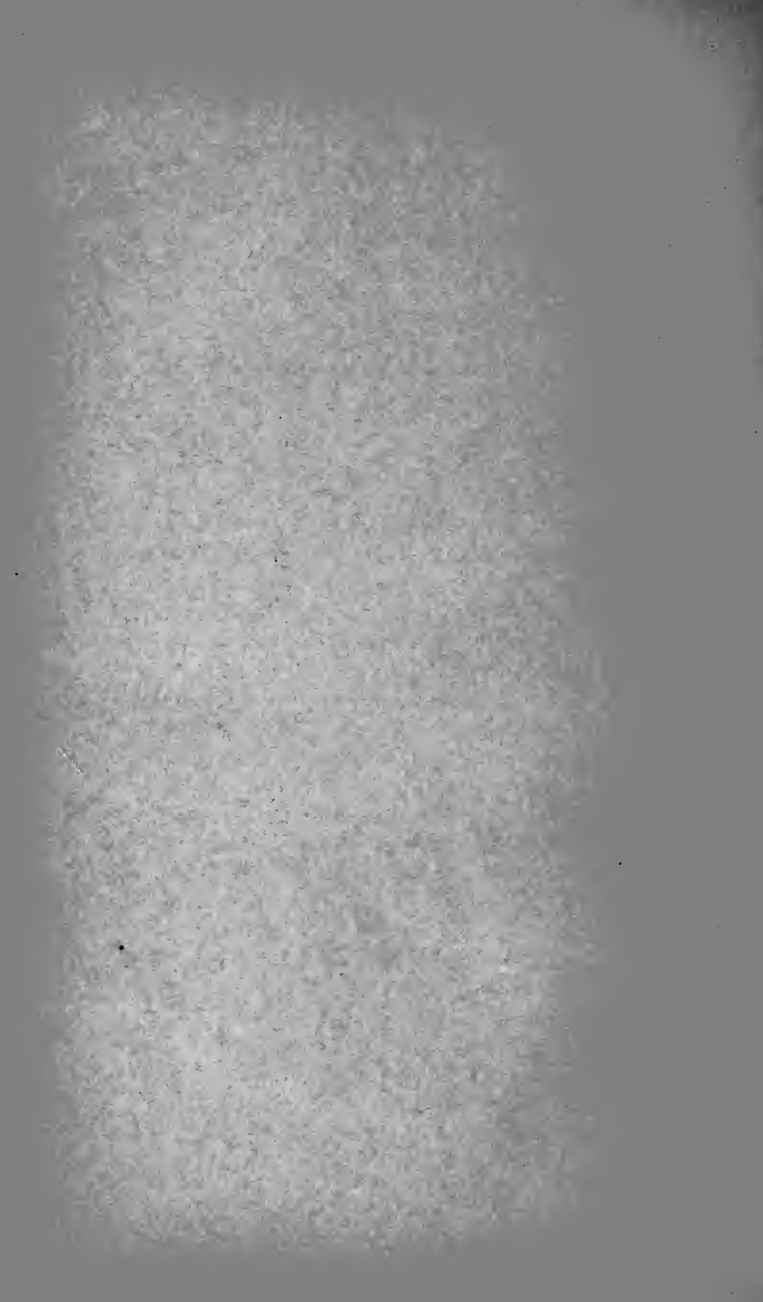
Shake hands with earth and let your soul respect
Her joys no farther, than her joys reflect
Upon her Maker's glory. If thou swim
In wealth, see Him in all; see all in Him.
Sink'st thou in want and is thy small cruse spent?
See Him in want, enjoy Him in content.
Conceiv'st Him lodged in cross or lost in pain?
In prayer and patience find Him out again.

—*Quarles.*



IV.

The Hearing Ear.



JONAH II: 10.

“And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

I do not remember any instance in the Bible where account is given of any animal which disobeyed the word of the Lord. Leaving out of the question the case of the serpent, which was taken possession of by the evil one to gain his purpose—and in truth it does not come into the question—all the brute creation seems to have been ready, at any time, to do the bidding of their Maker. All the animals came, at the bidding of the Lord, to Adam to receive their names; all that were bidden came to Noah to be taken into the ark—some of them, quite likely, from a long distance. The ravens fed the prophet at God’s bidding; the great fish, at the same bidding, was at the right place in the right time to swallow Jonah, and was ready again to release him when told so to do; a smaller fish, at a later date, went where he should find a piece of silver and then, at the appointed time and place, presented himself with it to minister to the Lord’s necessities. They all heard the word and obeyed it.

It is with the hearing of it that we are concerned just now. How does God communicate His will to the brute creation? We do not know, and probably never shall in this world, but it is the bare fact that interests us, and the deduction, fully warranted by the fact, that if God can make His will known to the irrational, he can, beyond a doubt, make it known to the rational creation.

To settle abstract questions, nothing more is needed than the Bible. That I shall love the Lord my God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself, is clearly enough revealed there, and I need no further light on these points, but just how to do it from day to day, and from moment to moment, is not at all made clear in the Bible, and I need further light. Where shall I get it?

Some light may be gained from the experience of others, and some from their advice, but both are imperfect, not always accessible, sometimes difficult of application. If shut up to this, I must often be in great doubt as to what I shall do, but having assumed above that God can make his will known to his rational creatures, may I not go a step further and say that he does? That he always speaks to us and tells us, from moment to moment, just what to do?

I am strengthened in the conviction that this is the case, from the fact that just such help is promised in the Bible. Thus we have, "This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."—Ps. xlviii: 14. "Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."—Ps. cxxxix: 10. "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known."—Is. xlii: 16. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'"—Is. xxx: 21. And many others to the same purport, while the history of God's people, both in the Bible and out of it, lends further confirmation.

But one says, "I never hear the voice of God; it can't be that he speaks to me;" but there are many sounds within reach of our organs of hearing which we never hear. I knew a student in college who wanted to get up early in the morning: he procured an alarm clock, which called him the next morning at the appointed hour; instead of rising, however, he took another nap, and though the clock called every morning, *he never heard a sound of it again*, while his chum, who listened to the first call, never failed to hear

it every morning. Thus it is, doubtless, with the moral ear; it has become blunted by refusing to attend to the calls which we receive through it. Perhaps the moral ear is not so soon blunted as the physical, and it is well for us that it is not; but it is only a question of time, and who knows just how many refusals to respond are needed to produce perfect and permanent moral deafness.

Who knows, too, what voices we should hear from heaven, if our ears were always turned thitherward with a full determination to do just what we were bidden? If any man will *do* he shall *know*. Most men are listening for honors, or pleasures, or gains, from earth, with ears turned earthward, but who is listening every moment for directions from above? He shall surely be lead in the way of peace and safety and final glory, though the path may be, nay, is, likely to be through "much tribulation." No doubts would beset the road of such a one, nor any fears; no time would be lost in hesitation, which so often consumes the critical moment, but the road would be ever plain, ever onward, and ever upward, and sure to end where the pilgrim would hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THOUGH faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not ought beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The soul that clings to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, what appall,
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,
Saviour! I cling to Thee!

—Anon.

V.

Responsibility.

MATTHEW XXV: 45.

“ *Inasmuch as ye did it not.*”

I wonder why Bunyan did not call one of the lions which beset the path of Christian, *Responsibility*. He might well have called them both by that name. What oftener shuts up the way of apparent duty than the fear of taking responsibility? One feels it to be a duty to engage in God's service, to come out from the world and be separate from it, to profess love to Christ and faith in him, but says: “Oh, I am afraid. Most Christians seem little more than Christians in name. I fear I shall not be any better, and shall dishonor the cause.” Another, who has entered upon the Christian path, feels some duty pressed upon him—to take a class in a Sabbath school, or a Bible class, maybe; to warn that young man that his path is a downward one, to take part in some of the church meetings—be it what it may, great or small, do we not hear every day, “Oh, I can't. I am not qualified. I have not got the time. I have not got the means. It ought to be done, but I am not the man to do it. Ask A or B or C. I pray thee have me excused. I am afraid to take the responsibility!”

Better, by far better, fear *not* to take it. If it is not your duty, you have no responsibility to meet; but if it is your duty, no mortal but yourself can do it. It is *your* duty, not mine, and if you do not do it, it will never be done, and when you come to answer why it was not done, you will be speechless, because God, who makes it your duty, promises to help you to do it, to give you all the strength and wisdom and knowledge and patience and faith—every thing, in fine, needful for the work. So when you refuse to do His

work, whatever it may be, you are not only disobedient but unbelieving. The language of your *actions* is: "Lord, thou hast bidden me to do this, and hast promised to help me do it, but I don't believe that thou wilt; so I am afraid to take the responsibility."

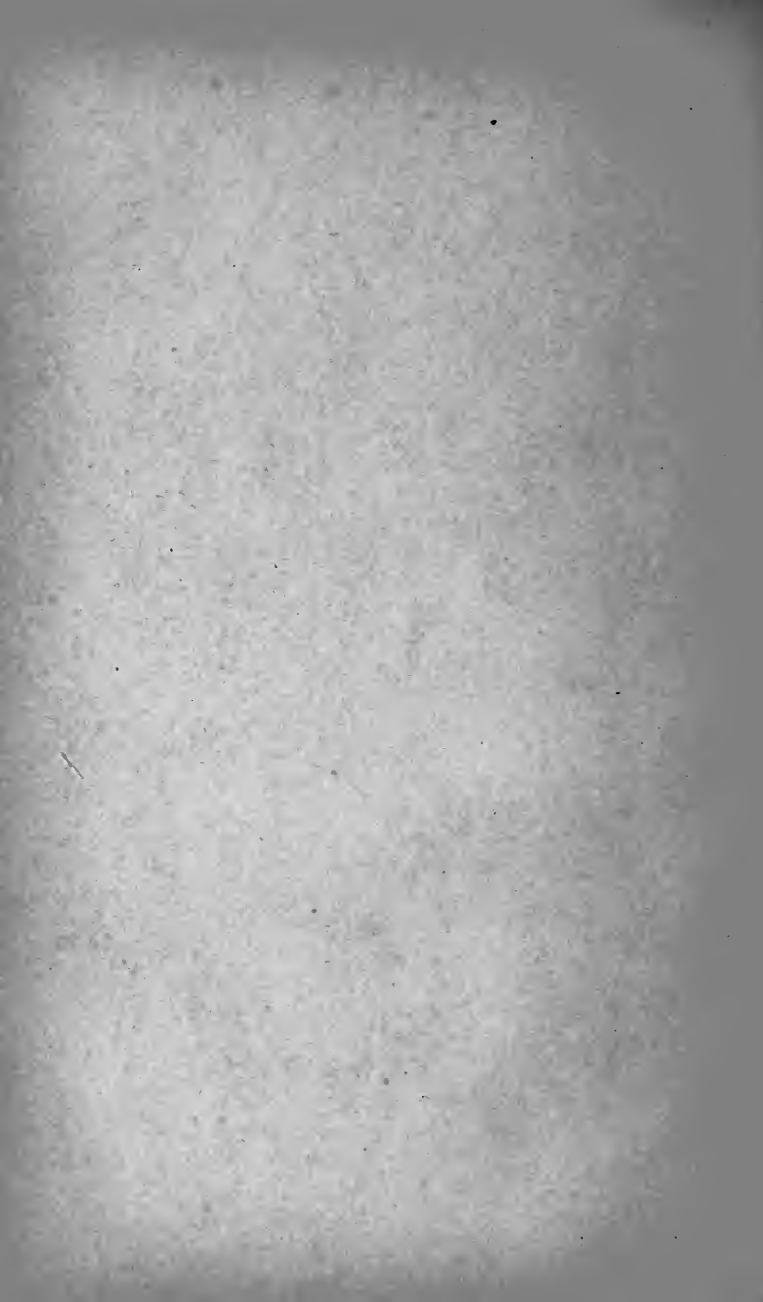
But while we have God's promise of help if we take up such responsibilities as devolve upon us in His providence, we have no promise if we refuse. We have abundant promise of help if we feed Christ when he is hungry, give him drink when he is thirsty, take him in when he is a stranger, clothe him when naked, visit him when sick, go to him when he is in prison, promises of present aid, all we need, and future rewards more than we can dream of, a crown of glory that fadeth not away, a seat with the King on his throne, a mansion that he has prepared for us, a right to the tree of life, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, while, for those who refuse, the sentence is: "*Depart from me.*"

A distinction is made between faith and sight, and it is an essential difference. Yet faith must have eyes, and why is faith so blind that it can not see the advantages to be gained, here and hereafter, by a ready compliance with God's will? Men are not wont to be blind when temporal advantages are offered them. You may search a long time before you will find one who will refuse a handsome estate, political preferment, honor, pleasure, any thing desirable, or apparently so, of this world's goods. Why are we all so blind to those more substantial and more enduring blessings which are within our reach? Those whose eyes are the most open, no doubt realize that their apprehensions fall far short of the reality; but as for the most of men, are their eyes open at all? How few can say of such matters, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

Which, now, should cause us the most fear—to take up responsibility, with God's help and favor, or to refuse it, and meet His displeasure?

VI.

Suffering with Christ.



II TIMOTHY II: 12.

“If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”

I do not believe that any part of the Bible has become out of date, or that it ever will. What belonged to a walk with God in the time of Abel belongs to it now, and ever will belong to it, as long as the earth endures. What was necessary for Abraham is necessary for me, and will be for the last man born on this earth.

Hence, I cannot see the reasonableness of the expectation of some Christians, that to follow Christ will involve no suffering. It is a subject that cannot be exhausted in the narrow space of one, or many, of these papers. A few brief hints must suffice.

Christ says, “Go work to-day in my vineyard.” Did they not suffer who *worked* that day? We hear them speaking of the *heat* and *burden*. No doubt there was some suffering with it.

But perhaps the soul says, “Why, Lord! I don’t know any thing about working in a vineyard?” The reply would be, “I know you do not; some one is there to teach you. Go!” Is there no suffering in learning; is it easy always and like child’s play? They used to *scourge* in those days when one did not learn readily. Some think that it is done in these days, but it is not pleasant, nay, it brings suffering.

But again. Before we can work we have to be changed. The process resembles, in some respects, making a statue. Here is a block of marble, shapeless, perhaps misshapen. It is to be made into a statue that shall ever speak its

maker's praise. But what a deal of hammering, and cutting, and sawing, and filing, is first requisite. Had the marble feeling, would it not suffer? Does not the soul suffer under this process?

Then consider the requisitions of the gospel. We have but space for one. Christ says:

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple."

Do men forsake all that they have without suffering? Was it no suffering to those who were aroused from their beds in this city last October by that raging fire, to rush from their houses and leave every thing behind them, the fruits of years of toil, cherished mementos of lost ones, never to be replaced, costly works of art, rich furniture, every thing material that the heart of man holds dear? Some left richer treasures yet—wives, husbands, children. Was there no suffering that day?

But this is not all. The dearest thing to a man is *himself*. But this he must forsake, too. He must *deny* himself. A man may give up much, and comfort himself with what is left; nay, if he is a *man*, he may lose every thing and yet comfort himself with himself. But to deny himself, to renounce (and denounce) all his own strength and wisdom, and righteousness, and betake himself to Christ, stripped of every thing, and this has to be done not once or twice, but all the time, every moment—that is suffering. How many idols have to be ferreted out and surrendered, perhaps sacrificed, dear as one's right arm or right eye. One's will has to be surrendered, lost in the will of another. So one thing goes after another, till the soul is fain to cry out in agony, "What, Lord! and that, too?" "Yes, all." "Spare this, Lord! Is it not a little one?" "Ye must forsake all." And is there no suffering here? Reader, if you have not found it so you may well question whether you have ever forsaken all for Christ; nay, the

query would not be unwarranted, "Have I ever forsaken any thing for him?"

But if any reader is yet unconvinced that a Christian must suffer, let him try this experiment. Let him give himself up soul and body to some work for Christ, whether it be for the temporal or spiritual good of his fellow man. Let him enlist "for the war," and most assuredly he will be satisfied that we cannot follow the Captain of our salvation without suffering. He was made perfect "through sufferings," and so shall we be if we keep close to Him.

It is true that we have not the rack and the dungeon, the stake and gallows, to fear—not just now, certainly, but may it not be on account of our supineness? If the whole church of Christ should arise as one man, and make a furious onslaught upon the kingdom of Satan; would there be no blow struck back, would there be no suffering? Some of us even might have the joy and honor of dying for the Master? But Satan will never get out his gallows and stakes for passive Christians. Those who are going to heaven in a sleeping car *he* will never disturb, whatever else may happen to them.

But when do we suffer with Christ?

When we suffer *for* Him. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," Christ says, and his followers have verified the assertion. Though the present is not the day when life and liberty are at stake, yet the Prince of this world knows how to reach those who refuse allegiance to Him. The enmity between the church and the world is not dead. It has only assumed another form, and a close walk with God does not open the way to the pleasures or honors or riches of this world. One who follows his convictions often finds that he has to go in the very face of his worldly interest and endure much suffering.

When we suffer in doing his work, we suffer with him, whether the suffering comes from our own hearts or the

nature of the work, or outside resistance. When we set to work for Christ we soon begin to learn two things, that we have much which we would be better off without, and that we lack many things which we really need. To gain these and divest ourselves of those, produces suffering. Every work, too, brings much labor and perplexity, many embarrassments and hindrances, which are causes of suffering, and then the opposition of those without, their sneers and objections and insinuations cannot always be received without suffering.

But again: We suffer with Christ, when we suffer in submission to His will. We cannot get through this world without suffering in one shape or other, but, be the suffering what it may, it is our privilege to say, "Thy will be done," and then we suffer with Christ.

Finally, we suffer with Christ when we suffer with His people. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." That is just as true of the church at the present day as it was of the church in the wilderness. Every true Christian is a member of the body of Christ, and we are told that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it; so when we sympathize with the suffering disciples we suffer with Christ. St. Paul knew all about this when he wrote to the Colossians (1: 24): "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church."

"We shall also reign with Him." Were you liable to be called at any moment to share Victoria's throne or Kaiser William's, would you not be a marked man? You could not walk abroad but every one would say, "That is he! He is looking every moment to be called to share the greatest throne in the world." But if you suffer with Christ, you are likely to be called at any moment to reign with the King of kings. Just what that means no mortal knows, and

if he did, he could not tell it to us. St. Paul was shown it, but could not tell it when he came back. But we shall know it soon, we who suffer with Him—to-day maybe, or to-morrow. What a halo of glory does the thought throw about our “light affliction” which is but for a moment! A few years’ suffering, and an eternity of reigning, with Christ!

But is the converse of our proposition true? If we do *not* suffer with Christ, shall we fail to reign with Him? Truly, a solemn question; but we must leave it to our readers.

THE MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

“*We glory also in tribulations.*”—ROMANS V: 3.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancý:

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia’s spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare;

But first, must skillful hand essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film that hides its fire from day.

This leaf! this stone! it is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow’s art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord’s feet.

—*S. Wilberforce.*

VII.

Bought with a Price.

I CORINTHIANS VI: 20.

"Ye are bought with a price."

I am bought, therefore,

I never was my own—had I ever had full control and proprietorship of myself, who could have bought me or how could I have been sold? The very expression implies that I was in the power of another. Besides, how can a man alienate himself? How can he take a price for himself? But again:

I am not my own now—I have been bought—the price has been paid—the property transferred. To Him who bought me I belong in every part, for He bought every part of me. To Him I belong every moment, for He bought all my time. For His pleasure and His glory every power and faculty should be employed every moment.

Hence, nothing that I have is mine. I call it mine to distinguish it from yours; but it is not mine, it is my Lord's. Whatever I earn, I earn for Him. Whatever I accumulate, I accumulate for Him. When He calls for it I have no more right to say, "Not just now," or "Not so much," than I should have if a friend left money in my safe-keeping and should call for a part or all of it whenever he saw fit. I have right to nothing but to hold it at His bidding.

Hence again, I have no choice what I shall do or what I shall not do, when my Lord's will is made clear to me. When He says, "Go work to-day in my vineyard," it is not for me to say, "I would rather *not* to-day," or, "I would rather work to-morrow," or "I would rather work

somewhere else than in the vineyard." No. It is for Him who bought me, to say when, where, and what, and for me to say, "Here I am." And His will will be made known to me from moment to moment if I have an attentive ear and a willing mind. Moreover,

I never shall be my own—the price He paid for me would never have been paid for a divided or a temporary possession. He bought me to be wholly His, and His forever; He will not part from me, nor let me part from Him. No one can take me out of His hand, and He declares that no one shall. Whatever changes befall me in time or eternity, nothing shall ever touch this relation. If I can say to-day, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine," I can say it to-morrow, and every other to-morrow, as long as He lives who bought me.

But one may ask, "Is not injustice done by buying me?" No. For I was bought from slavery into liberty—from death to life, from irretrievable ruin to joy unspeakable and full of glory. I was sick, and He cured me; blind, and He gave me sight; naked, and He clothed me; utterly defiled and He cleansed me. I was bought into the family of the great King, to be a joint heir with His Son, and shall reign with Him forever when my transient service here is ended. Since I never had and never could have control and proprietorship of myself, it is well for me that I was bought by such a Master.

Especially so, when I consider that the fact that I was thus bought, assures me a supply for all my necessities in this life, as well as in that to come. Men are not wont to purchase property, and then let it go to waste when it can be prevented; but, whatever men may do He never will; He has every thing in abundance, and has promised to supply all my needs. He bids me cast all my care upon Him for He careth for me; He bids me call upon Him in the day of trouble; He bids me ask for whatever I need, that

my joy may be full; He says all things are mine. Surely no injustice was done by buying me into such a relation as this.

Now, some one may say, "There is no such reality as this, it is all a figure." Of course it is, but figures express realities. St. Paul's figures certainly do. He lived at an age, as did those who first read his epistles, when men were really bought, and, when a man bought another man, he bought the whole man—every thing in or pertaining to him. He bought the entire control, possession, and disposal of him. His very life was at the disposal of him who bought him, and he could be nailed to a cross or flung as food to the fishes, at any moment, at the will of his purchaser. Now, with all these facts in his mind, and the minds of his early readers, when St. Paul said, "Ye are bought with a price," did he mean "You are your own masters. It is for you to say how much you will give Christ; what service you will render Him; what you will deny yourself for His sake; what portion of your worldly goods you will give Him?" No. He meant to say, "If you are Christ's at all, you are all Christ's—wholly Christ's—entirely Christ's, in the fullest sense of the words." If any doubt about this matter arises we have only to look at the life of St. Paul, from the first moment when the Lord met him on the road to Damascus, till he bowed his head to receive the stroke which should usher him into a new life of glory. The first words of his Christian life were, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And these were doubtless the language of his heart, if not of his lips, every moment till the last. No other becomes the heart or lips of one who is *bought with a price.*

How does this fact, that I am thus bought, simplify many questions, which arise ever and anon, and puzzle me sorely? "Shall I heap up earthly treasures?" He who

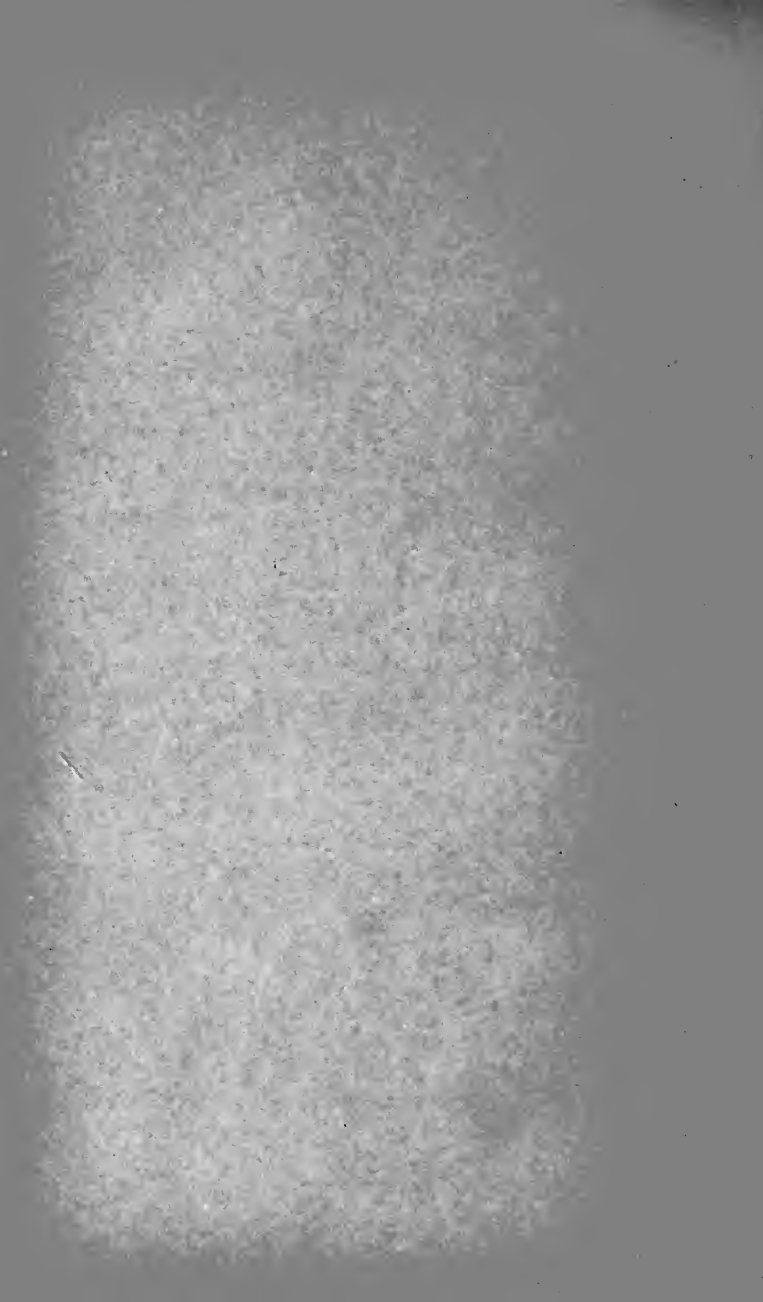
bought me says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." "Shall I join in the race after earthly honors?" He says, "How can ye believe, that receive honor one of another?" "Shall I follow the world in its pursuit of pleasure?" He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Must I give *this* to my Master? It is mine only to use or hold for him; what He wants I must give him, and when He wants it.

There is a project on foot of revising the Bible—to modernize its language—but does not our religion need revising? Certain scholars were once engaged in translating the Bible, when one of them threw down his pen and exclaimed, "Either this is not God's word or we are not Christians." Might not this exclamation be truly made in our day, by many a professed disciple of Jesus Christ? And should we not all lead different lives if we lived every day and every moment under the pressure of this truth,

YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE?

VIII.

Faith and Fear.



MARK V: 36.

“ Be not afraid; only believe ! ”

No two things can be more antagonistic than Fear and Faith; they can no more dwell together than light and darkness; they are as unlike each other as the brightest midday and the darkest midnight; they are sworn foes, and fight for the possession of every soul, till one or the other is cast out forever. Some foes can be reconciled and dwell together, but these, never.

Fear contracts the soul, Faith expands it; Fear trembles, Faith is as firm as a rock; Fear considers self only, Faith thinks of others; Fear is for time, Faith for eternity; Fear sees nothing but what is in sight, Faith sees things which are invisible; Fear has torment, Faith brings perfect peace; Fear dreads danger, Faith rejoices in tribulation.

Fear cries, “ Who will show us any good ? ” Faith says, “ My God will supply all your needs.” Fear calls on the rocks and mountains for a hiding place; Faith says to God, “ *Thou* art my hiding place.” Fear says, “ I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue; ” Faith says, “ I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.” Fear says, “ Send by the hand of whom thou wilt send; ” Faith says, “ Here I am, send me.” Fear says, “ All these things are against me; ” Faith says, “ Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” Fear says, “ Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me; ” Faith says, “ *Henceforth* there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.” Fear says, “ We be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we; ” Faith says, “ Let us go

up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." Fear says, "I shall perish one day by the hand of Saul;" Faith says, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Fear says, "There is a lion in the way;" Faith says, "When he arose against me I caught him by the beard and slew him." Fear says, "O, wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Faith says "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Fear says, "I find a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me;" Faith says, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Fear flees when no man pursueth. Faith says, "Shall such a man as I flee?" Fear says, "He saved others; himself He cannot save." Faith says, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!" Fear says, "Cursed be the day wherein I was born;" Faith says, "He hath done all things well."

With Fear dwell doubts, suspicions, strifes, contentions. With Faith abide hope and love; peace, like a river; joy unspeakable and full of glory. Fear dishonors God; Faith pleases him. Fear drives us from God; Faith unites us to Him. Fear has no resting place, but is driven hither and thither; Faith rests on the Rock of Ages, having Hope as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast. Fear separates us from every body; Faith makes us one with all whom God loves. Fear disorganizes, hence accomplishes nothing of value, but "the time would fail me to tell of those who, through Faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain

a better resurrection; and others had trials of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments, they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented,

OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY."

In the most of men, perhaps in a considerable share of really good men, Fear largely predominates; some are all their lives subject to bondage; in others, Fear gains the mastery but occasionally, while, in a few, Faith holds such a sway that Fear is unknown to them. Such are not always known on the page of history; they are not always great leaders and law-givers as was Moses; great poets and warriors, as was David; great teachers and preachers, as was St. Paul. Many of them do nothing to attract the attention of the world, or to gain a place in its perishable roll of fame, but they are the truly great; their record is on high, and from that roll of fame, which shall outlive all the monuments of earthly greatness, their names shall stand forth with imperishable glory. Nor is all the reward to such a soul a future reward; it is gathered every day, every moment. However, the life of such a one may be attended with care, and trouble, and burdens even, it is blessed with a secret peace and joy that the world knows not of, and is aptly described by the familiar words of the poet:

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

IX.

Self = Denial.

MATTHEW XVI: 24.

“Let him deny himself.”

It seems to me that the Bible is distinguished, above all other books, for its paradoxes, or apparent contradictions, and, if any one thing in it can be more paradoxical than another, it is the terms of admission to the Christian life. At one time we are told that we have only to look—to go—to receive—to eat the bread of life, and never hunger—to drink of the water of life and never thirst, and all without money and without price. One would think, from such expressions, that nothing was easier than entering upon eternal life, and that the Christian walk was a perpetual holiday. But at another time we hear quite a different story; such is that on which we are now musing. “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.” “Whosoever will” may “come,” and welcome, but he must first “deny himself.”

Early impressions are powerful and abiding, and it is not at all easy to change or throw them off; self-denial, it seems to me, was the very first thing I heard of—it certainly was one of the earliest subjects presented for my consideration, and it consisted in abstaining from this or that good thing, for fear of over-indulgence; or, regarding the comfort and convenience of others, before my own. In brief, temperance and politeness made up the sum and substance of the self-denial then known to me, and my observation of Christian people has led me to think that I was by no means singular in my early impressions.

But is this all the self-denial the soul needs in presenting itself to Christ? Let us see.

It comes to Him as to a king. Other lords have had dominion over it; to these it must forswear its allegiance when it swears allegiance to the King of kings; allegiance to many of these may be thrown off with comparative ease, but one Lord—the most imperious of all—holds his dominion with a grasp almost as tenacious as death itself—his name is SELF. It is true that we never have control of ourselves, but we live and die, fancying that we have, and however vain the fancy, it is one with which we part most reluctantly. But there is no compromise. If we take the oath of allegiance to King Jesus, we must renounce allegiance to king self; or, in other words, we must deny ourselves.

But again :

It comes to Him as to a captain, and enlists for the war, for life. It had before been fighting against Him under various leaders, but always in the interest of self. It had been fighting—as it supposed—what, and when and where it chose to fight, but it has now no more choice. It has enlisted under a new leader, and must renounce and deny all others—self included.

More than this :

It needs righteousness. It has, indeed, a sort of righteousness, one which it has flaunted for many a year—in which it has trusted and delighted. Others saw that this righteousness was nought but filthy rags—an utter abomination, but not so the soul, before it comes to Christ; it wraps itself in them and hugs them with huge delight; so intimate is the connection between the soul and these filthy rags, that they not only cover the exterior, but twine about every innermost fibre. But when the soul comes to Christ, to receive His robes of righteousness, these rags must be put off—torn off—cut off—got off in some way—but off they must come, every shred and tatter, and that the soul finds self-denial—it denies its own righteousness.

It comes to Christ for strength. For many years, the

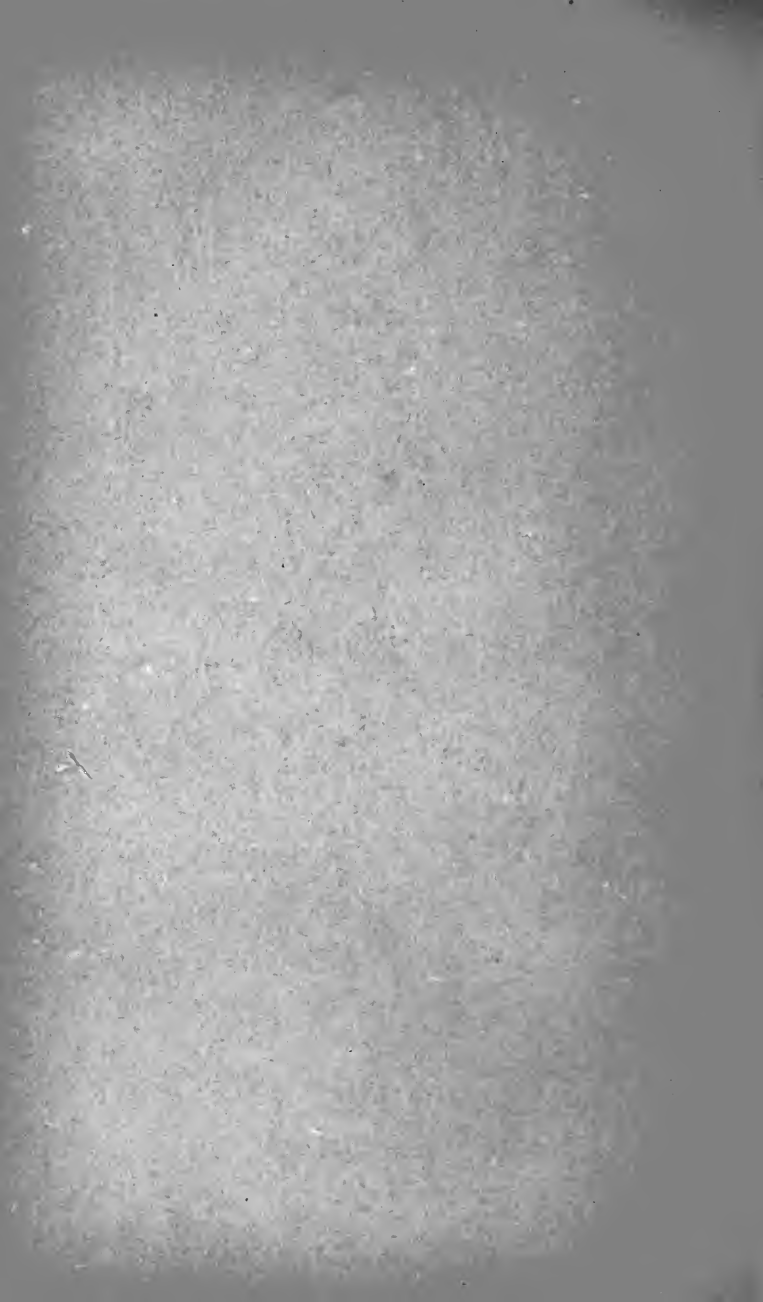
soul never dreamed that it was weak, that it needed any strength but its own; but its eyes are open now, and it sees how helpless it is—utterly helpless to do any good, or defend itself against any evil. It needs the strength of another, but, to obtain it, it must renounce its own fancied strength, and thus again deny itself. But it must also

Come to Him for Wisdom. It thought itself wise enough once, and sought no wisdom but that which earth furnished; but this wisdom does not answer in its new life, while, as in other cases, the new cannot be had without giving up the old, and this, again, is denying itself.

Then there are projects of self-aggrandizement, of adding to the wealth, or reputation, or honor of self; these must all be renounced; self is not to be honored, but God; the honor that cometh from man is not to be sought, but that that cometh from God; the riches of earth are not to be sought, but treasures which can be laid up in Heaven.

In fine, it is but the same truth that we find expressed elsewhere: "Whosoever forsaketh not *all* that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." That is self-denial, to forsake all—all of self—no partial work will do; it must be radical and entire.

If it be said that these views are extreme, and, if insisted on, would bear heavily on the Church even, it is more important to know if they are true. The Church must conform to the word of God, and not the word of God to the Church.



X.

Sane, or Insane.

ACTS XXVI: 24.

“Paul, thou art beside thyself.

Returning home late one night, and very weary, I sat down to read a word or two in the Book of books. I chanced to open to Paul's defence before Agrippa, and, as I read the words of Festus, the letters seemed to disappear; for a moment, Agrippa and Bernice and Festus, with all the attendants of high and low degree, stood before me, and then, in place of Festus' audience chamber, there came to view a vast amphitheatre; rows of eager spectators were seen, one above the other, till they were lost in the distance, as if all past, present and future generations were here represented. The judge I could not discern distinctly. Near Paul stood his Advocate, the same who stood by him when he appeared before Nero the second time, “One among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.” The Accuser of the brethren was also there, to make good the charge against Paul. Though evidently in years, he did not appear at all infirm, and, indeed; his address and bearing were irreproachable, and not at all indicating the wickedness of his heart.

The trial was to be by jury (for it was held in the Nineteenth century, and not in the days of Festus), and when the jury was to be empaneled, to my great amazement, I heard my name called. I presented myself at the bar, and, having answered the usual questions as to name, occupation, etc., Paul asked, “Have you ever done or suffered anything for the Master?” I replied, “Yes.” He said, “What?” I was just about to tell, when, suddenly, I got a view of what He had done and suffered for me, as I never had seen them before; then I looked at what I had done and suffered for

Him, and it looked so small—in fact, it dwindled away to nothing, and while I was trying to hide my shame, and decide what to say, I was bidden to stand aside, which I did with many tears. My grief was so bitter that for a long time I paid no attention to the doings of the court, and before I could control myself enough to see what was going on, the jury was complete—and such a jury! No doubt Paul put the same question to them that he did to me, ‘What have you done and suffered for the Master?’ It was clear enough that they had suffered for Him; the scars upon them testified to the wounds which they had received in following Him; but love, joy and peace beamed from every face, and every head wore a starry crown—kings and priests every one.

The jury having been empaneled, the case was opened by the Accuser of the brethren. He said—and I can only give the substance of his address—that the case was not a new one; that it had been before the public mind for centuries; that it had been decided thousands of times, for and against the respondent; that the case was one of the greatest magnitude; it did not concern the respondent merely; whether he was mad or not, was not in itself considered a matter of much importance, and the public would long ago have allowed the matter to rest, had not the question been one which touched the dearest interests of every mortal. This would be more apparent, he said, on stating the facts of the case.

The respondent, he proceeded to say, had been a man of high standing in the Church and State; of unblemished moral character; master of all the learning of the day; enjoying the full confidence of his nation; his learning and eloquence, his position and influence gave him reason to look forward with assurance to fame and wealth, and all the good known to man. Now, a man in his reason does not forsake all these present and prospective advantages for

nothing, and, it has always been the custom of well-informed people, to set a man down as crazy, who gave up everything for absolutely nothing. But as we have seen what this man had to give up, let us see how he came to give it up, and what he got in return. Journeying one day to Damascus, with power and authority from the Jewish nation, to punish an insignificant sect, which was turning the world up-side down, he avers that, at mid-day, as he approached the city, he saw a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, and heard a voice which he took to be the voice of Jesus, whom, he says, he also saw. To this Jesus, Paul then and there gave himself with a completeness and entireness quite without a parallel; his position in his nation; his prospects of advancement; the high esteem in which he was held both by Church and State; his wealth; his ease; his comfort; in fine, everything was given up, and for what? to be a strolling preacher for some thirty years or more; without friend, or home, or station; to be, as he says he was, "as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things;" despised by everybody, scourged, stoned, imprisoned and finally beheaded.

Now, he proceeded, as before observed, if the matter concerned the prisoner only, it would be of little moment whether he were sane or insane, but it affects everything that is dear on earth. If honor, riches, pleasure, ease, comfort, were the contemptible things Paul declares them to be, counted as dung, he says, then the value of all earthly possessions becomes null at once, and all those who set their hearts on them are mad instead of Paul. Hence, the question really is, Is Paul mad or are we?

The Apostle was now told that he might speak for himself. He said that many words were not needed. What his opponent had said—as far as the facts were concerned—was true; his inference was false, as he would show. He would ask him now to set forth those things which he had, or

might have had, but for the change in his course of life, made at the bidding of his Lord.

A vast panorama then passed before us. Things immaterial and intangible, the Accuser had the faculty of representing in sensible form, so we saw all Paul's learning and the pleasure he derived from it, and his powers of reasoning and persuasion. Vast crowds appeared to whom he was speaking; at one time of common people, at another, of the magnates of the day; but they all vied with one another in applauding the orator. Then we saw him in places of power and trust, and saw the pleasure which he felt in being thus elevated; then vast estates passed before us; beautiful mansions, hosts of obsequious friends and servants, stores of gold and silver and delights of all sorts. I must own that they all looked attractive beyond what I supposed possible, but it was the work of a great artist. As each different scene came to view, he told what was represented, and his only failure was the last. "Here," said he, "comes to view the immortal renown which would have followed this life of glory;" but I could see nothing—there was something like a mist or fog, and I thought that perhaps the "immortal renown" would develop itself out of that. But while I was looking for it, the whole scene vanished from sight. Brilliant and captivating as it was, it was transient; even the Accuser could not conceal that.

Now, said Paul, let my opponent show what happened to me after I gave up all for Christ; and there came a series of views as repulsive and distressing as could be imagined; the rage and fury of his old friends took visible form, and the bitter hatred with which they followed him to the last; then we saw the infirmities, the reproaches, the necessities, the persecutions which he bore for Christ's sake; the stonings and scourgings, the watchings and fastings, the perils by land and perils by sea, and, finally, we saw his procession as he went to the block, amid the jeers and scoffs of

exulting enemies; dying, as his Master did, the death of a malefactor. It was an appalling sight, and enough to daunt the bravest heart. "These," said the adversary, "are what he got for what he gave up. Can any one doubt now whether he was insane or not?" To which the Apostle rejoined: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," and now let me be permitted to show what were the real returns for the little which I gave up for Him who loved me and gave himself for me; and first in his panorama came Peace, represented by a mighty river, broad, deep and interminable; then Joy, appearing as a glory too bright to gaze upon; then Love to God and man, which ever filled his heart, represented by a flame of vast dimensions; then the presence of Christ which never left him from first to last—we saw him by Paul's side all through his life, accompanying him when he went to lay down his head on the block; that procession did not seem now as it did then; all the attendants of shame and sorrow which marked it before were present now, but they seemed as nothing. Paul and Jesus went hand-in-hand. Paul was now to know the last of the fellowship of Jesus' sufferings which he was ever to know, and to know which, he had counted all as loss; we saw the joy that was in his heart; we heard him say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy;" and as he reached the block, we heard his exultant voice above all the uproar of the rabble, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand;" we saw the axe fall, and then another procession was seen. Paul and Jesus were still hand-in-hand; before, behind, above, below, all about them were myriads of bright spirits, singing songs of praise and triumph—the souls of those whom Paul had led to Christ, or whom he had animated and inspired by his faith and love and courage, and with these was all the host of heaven, for

they came to meet a Mighty Conqueror—so they went on till they came to the pearly gates, which seemed as if they could hardly open wide enough to receive such a host, and they passed under the trees which are upon the banks of the river, and through the streets paved with gold, and around the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for the apostle; no mortal lines could measure its length and breadth; and around the treasures which Paul had laid up in heaven, and those which the Master had laid up for him, and so the mighty host passed on till they reached the mansion which had been prepared for Paul—a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—but how can all these things be described? What manner of a mansion would that be which was built in a city the foundation of whose walls were laid in precious stones, whose gates were pearls, whose very pavement was gold? All that can be said of it is that it was glorious beyond description; at the entrance he was met by the Lord himself, for, before he entered his everlasting habitation, he must be crowned, and oh, that crown! that crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, was to give him at that day! What mortal can describe or can conceive of it—bright shafts of glory shot up from the earth, separating and expanding as they rose higher and higher, and about these, stars were revolving, stars which no man could number—some of dazzling beauty and brilliancy; about the brightest of these, other stars revolved, and from all, as their revolutions brought them to view, songs of praise, and joy, and triumph were heard—songs as if from many voices. This countless throng of stars every moment received fresh additions, and so it would continue to the end of time—every moment adding new lustre to that which was already too brilliant for mortal sight.

The effect produced upon the audience by this spectacle was wondrous. The Accuser of the brethren could no

longer wear his polished and high-born mien; he assumed the hideous shape which best besemed him, and, his face swollen with rage and mortification, fled the scene. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the apostle without leaving their seats, and before it could be repeated, the vast multitude, as with one voice, joined in a cry of exultation which seemed to rend the very heavens, and brought my dream to an end, and the first thing which met my eye on waking, was the reply of Paul to Festus,

“ I AM NOT MAD, MOST NOBLE FESTUS.”

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

“And the disciples said, Send her away, for she crieth after us.”

I will not let Thee go, Thou help in time of need!
 Heap ill on ill,
 I trust Thee still,

E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst slay indeed!
 Do as Thou wilt with me
 I yet will cling to Thee,
 Hide Thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
 I will not let Thee go!

I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my bliss?
 No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
 And I am Thine,

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
 Though dark and sad the night,
 Joy cometh with thy light,

O Thou, my Sun! should I forsake my bliss?
 I will not let Thee go.

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
 Not Death can tear
 Me from His care,

Who for my sake His soul in death outpoured.
 Thou diedst for love to me,
 I say, in love to Thee

E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
 I will not let Thee go.

—Desszler, 1692.

XI.

The Great Supper.

REVELATION XIX: 9.

“Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.”

I am going to a great supper; will you go with me? I know it will be something far beyond any thing that you or I have ever conceived of, for it is to be given by the Great King himself. Besides, when invitations are given out a long while beforehand, some great thing is to be expected, but the invitations to this supper were given out not months, but many, many years ago, and, all this while, preparations have been making.

I know it will be a great event, for the supper is to be given in the Palace of the Great King; not in any remote part of His dominion, however fair, but in the very centre; in the chief palace of the chief city; in that city which has no need of the light of the sun nor of that of the moon; where no night has ever cast a shade over the inhabitants; where no sickness nor sorrow nor sighing ever enter; where the inhabitant shall never say “I am sick.” What supper was ever spread in such a place as this before?

But more than this, I know it will be a marvellous supper by the guests invited; marvellous as to their number—no man can number them; countless throngs; every age since that of the first man, every clime, every language will be here represented—but yet more marvellous as to their degree; every one shall be a king, and shall wear all the insignia of endless dominion.

But do not look so curiously at me. I know what you want to say, it is that you do not think that I, at least, look

much like a king. I know I do not, to you, but you are no judge of kings. My Father, who has invited me, knows what kings are; true, I am not a king by birth, but by adoption, yet I am none the less a king, and, as such, I am invited to this supper. Besides, you have not yet seen me with my crown and royal robe on; perhaps if you did you would think better of me: you will so see me one day and then you will think that I am a king indeed. That spotless robe! no fuller on earth could make a robe so white; it was washed in most precious blood; all the treasures of earth could not buy one like it; it was obtained for me at a cost beyond all expression, and the crown is a fit companion piece for it—a proper emblem of a dominion which shall never pass away.

Do you ask where is this city of the Great King? I cannot say exactly. It is not very distant—my Master went there once, with a newly gained friend, in less than half a day, so it must be near by.

As for the time of the supper I cannot tell that either. The invitation does not specify, but says that I must be always ready for the summons—that it will come in an hour when I think not. The Master himself will come for me. I have often thought I heard his footfall, but I was mistaken, I should say I was disappointed, were it not that I am sure that He will come for me just at the right time. I have a work to do here; when that is done, He only knows, but He will not leave me here a moment after it is done. He told me once that I should have to wait but a very, very little while, so it cannot be long—to-night, maybe, or to-morrow, but soon—is not that enough to know?

How can I find the way thither? As I have already said, the Master is to come for me, and with Him a glorious retinue. I shall not go unattended to that supper, but in state becoming a king, so that I shall not miss my way, and, as He will be with me, there will be no doubt of my acceptance. I have been a stranger and a pilgrim here, but when I enter that assembly, no one will doubt that I am a king. All

will be welcome and received with honor whom He introduces.

So when you see that I have gone, do not think that the way is dark to me, because it looks so to you; while you are mourning, perhaps, over that inanimate servant which I leave behind me for awhile, or perhaps before you hear that I have left it, I shall have sped away from all toil and sorrow, and shall have entered into that royal festal chamber.

Do you ask me in what the entertainment consists? neither can I speak of this very precisely. There will be music there—rare, ravishing music—not such music as we make on earth in those few, fitful movements when we can break away from the grasp of some of our lusty foes and know not how soon they may be upon us again—mixed more or less with weariness or fear—but music, expressive of joy unspeakable, songs such as conquerors sing. There will be at least 144,000—all masters of song—who will join in praise of the Giver of the Feast, and in a song of joy and triumph. Then we shall doubtless hear the exploits of those who have followed the Master through many a fearful fight; they will tell of their fierce conflicts, and show the trophies which they took from the foe, and then perhaps, ever and anon, we shall all break out in a grand chorus “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen,” for we can sing with a good relish there; all our conflicts will be behind us; we shall have entered upon our rest, to go no more out forever. There will be no weariness to shorten those royal revels; no pressing cares, no urgent engagements, no interruptions of any kind. Our royal host will say, “Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O loved,” and every one shall leave the table fully satisfied. Could you ask any more?

But I see you look wistfully now. It seems to you that I am just on the eve of departing, and you do not like the

thought of our being thus separated. It seems to you that you would like to sit down with those kings and revel in those eternal delights. You look as if the door had been left partly open and you had caught a glimpse of that royal company, or an odor of the banquet, or a sound of the celestial harmony. Come then, for all things are now ready. I am authorized to invite you. "Let him that heareth, say 'Come,'" nay, you have an invitation of your own, "Who-soever will, let him come," so I ask you again,

WILL YOU GO WITH ME?

WHOLLY RESIGNED.

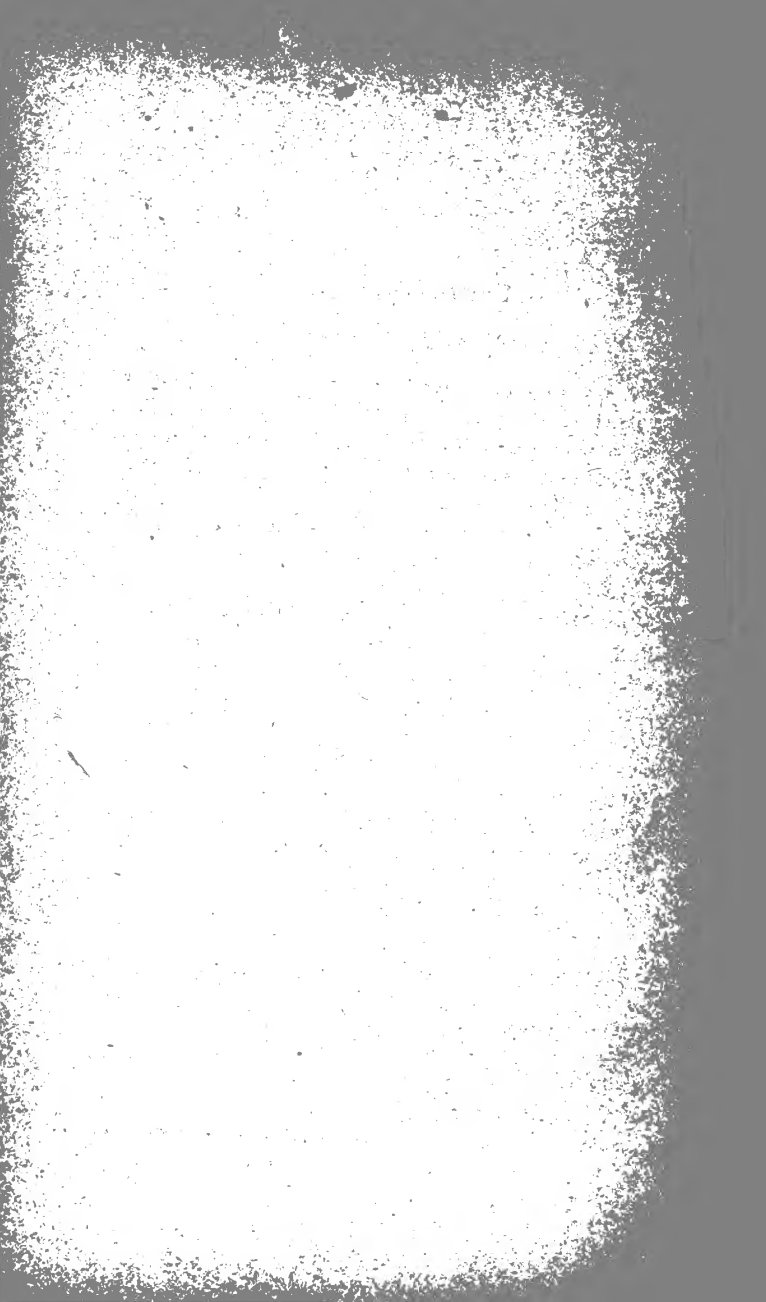
Christ leads us through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this door;
 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see,
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days;
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise;
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim,
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

—*Anon.*

XII.

Uline.



CANTICLES VI: 3.

"My beloved is mine."

Were I traveling, foot-sore and weary, hungry and in rags, it would interest me little should you say, "Stop here a moment and see this beautiful estate; see this lordly mansion; walk through its spacious halls; see its tables spread with all imaginable good cheer; notice the library, the conservatories, the picture galleries, the statuary, its beautiful parks with their grand old trees." "They are all well enough in themselves, but they are nothing to me," I should reply; "my wants are many and pressing, and between them and these things, which would supply so many of them, is an inseparable barrier. These flowing fountains tantalize me, instead of being pleasant to look upon; I am dying with thirst, and the gushing of these waters, of which no drop can reach my lips, does but add to my torture."

But tell me to look no further for a supply of my wants, that all these things are mine, then you touch my heart, indeed, and fill it with joy. With what a newness are all these things invested; how differently do they appear from what they did a few moments ago! Those waters make the choicest music now, for I may drink and thirst no more; those loaded tables reach out their hands to me, and I can sit down and satisfy my cravings to the utmost. But now, I was a beggar, near to perishing; these things have made me rich, indeed.

But my joy, however supreme at this moment of transition, is but temporary, if what is mine to-day may be

yours to-morrow, or any other day; it is mine in a very subordinate and restricted sense; it is not really mine after all; I have but a life interest in it, at longest. Nothing is mine in the fullest sense, which can be separated from me, or from which I can be separated; it must form a part of me, and an inseparable part, or it is not really mine.

Nor does it suffice me that these things, just mentioned, are mine forever, for all eternity, if you will, unless they comprise all that I ever want, or ever can want. If every conceivable want but one is supplied, and that want never can be supplied, I am forever wretched. For instance, if I have this beautiful estate, this lordly mansion, with every desirable appointment, yet am I supremely wretched in the possession of them all if I have no one to enjoy them with me, no one to love and be loved; this is a prime necessity of my being; those are but accessory to my happiness. Take them all back, but let me go in search of some one who will love me, and whom I can love.

But be it what it may that is lacking, so long as any thing is lacking I am wretched, and think not of what I have, but of what I have not. What I have loses much of its real value, perhaps, and, what I have not may assume an undue importance, but have it I must, or live forever in sorrow.

But even this does not satisfy me. It is not enough that my every want is supplied to day. If a new want may come to-morrow, or at any future time in all eternity, then I am wretched, indeed. To fill my heart with joy, *mine* must be something which not only supplies my every want to-day, but which will do the same to-morrow, and every other day, as long as my being lasts, and from which I can never be alienated. You may think me grasping and extravagant, but just that will satisfy the soul which God has given me, and nothing else will, and, thanks be to Him, He has not only given these desires, but He has

given me that which will satisfy them forever, and to the utmost. That which I call *mine* meets every demand of my nature; it ever will meet every such demand, and nothing can take it from me.

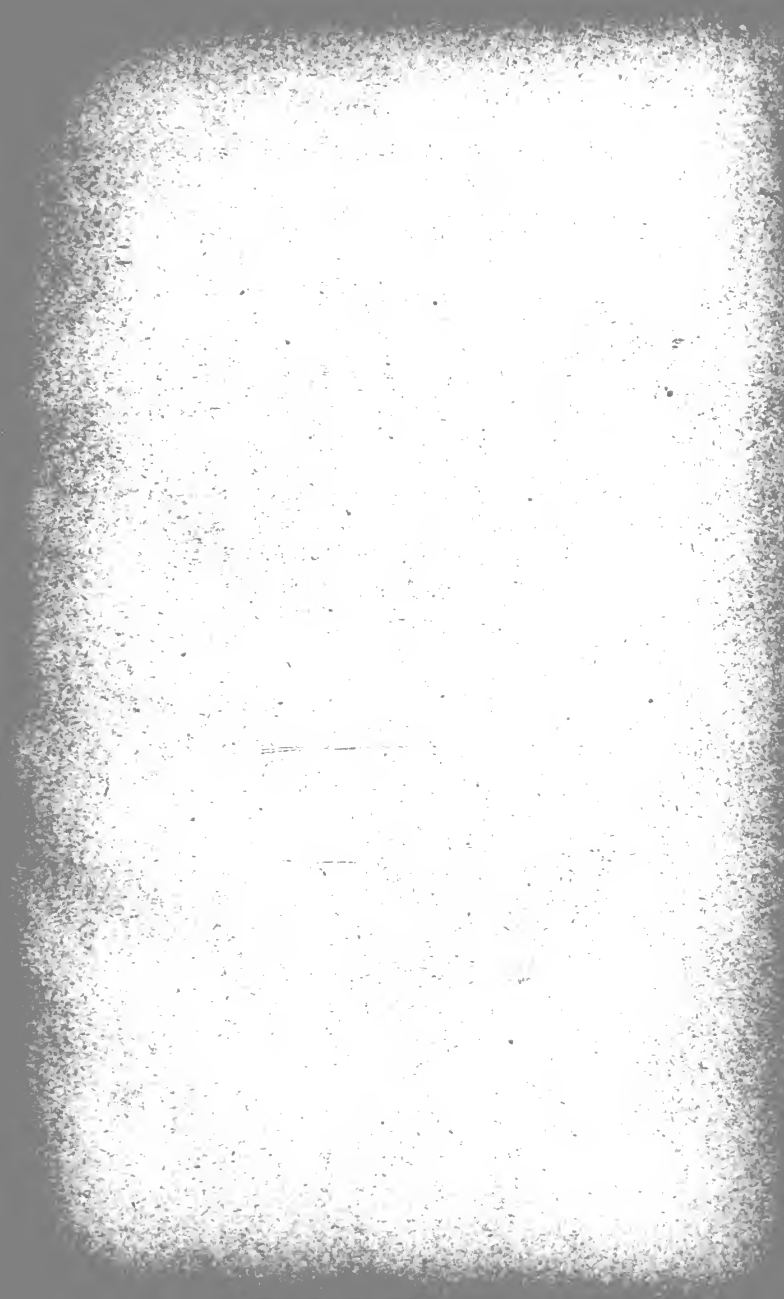
But what is mine? And let me first answer this negatively. Not my life, my property, my husband, my wife, my children, my reputation. These are called mine for sake of convenience, but they are none of them really mine; they are lent to me for a season, entrusted to me as to a steward; they may be separated from me at any time; they form no integral part of me, and never can. If my Lord says, "I want that life which you call yours," I can only say, "Lord, it is thine; dispose of it as thou wilt;" and though self-preservation is a law of our being, and one which we may not recklessly disregard, yet the time may come when life even must be sacrificed, to obtain some greater good for others.

So with my property; I cannot lay by any part of it and say, "Lord, thou canst not have *that*, it is laid away for my children, or my grandchildren. I mean to bequeath *that* to some great charity, when I can hold it no longer—*that* is set apart to build some great mansion for my ease." No; if my Lord comes with outstretched hand and asks for my money, and I refuse to give Him, I rob God, and one of two things is sure to happen. I shall lose that money, or it will be a curse to me, or to my children; it will be a barrier between me and my God, shutting me out when I need access to Him, intercepting His blessings when they would otherwise reach me. So of those other dear ones already mentioned, they are mine only temporarily, only to use for Him whose they are.

But now affirmatively. My Beloved is mine—Christ, my Lord, my Saviour, my Master; mine, in the fullest conceivable sense of the term; wholly mine, now and forever. He abides in me, and I abide in Him; we are, to all intents and

purposes, one. He supplies all my present needs, and can and will supply all my future needs; there never can be a moment, through all eternity, when any want can arise which He can not and will not supply. Nothing can separate me from Him. Not death—that brings me nearer to Him, ushers me into His more immediate presence, into a more full and complete enjoyment of Him; it separates me from many others whom I love, but from Him, never. Not life—this separates me from many to whom I would be near; they outgrow me or I outgrow them, or circumstances, which neither of us can control, come between us and thrust us asunder. What life knows not these separations, more painful than death? but they never come between me and my Beloved, they never will; not angels, nor principalities, nor powers, He is above them all, and will allow none of them to come between Him and the objects of His love; nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing. He bids defiance to imagination and conception to bring forward any thing that can ever effect a separation. What other property can I require in that which I shall call mine?

And yet, while this is as much mine as if no other intelligent being existed in the universe—all mine, wholly mine, entirely mine—it may be yours, too, and, at the same time, none the less mine; He offers it to you; He stands at the door and knocks, that you may let him enter and give you just this priceless possession. Just now is the time to take it. Are you ready now?





ORIGIN, OBJECT,
AND
MANAGEMENT
OF THE
CHICAGO FOUNDLINGS' HOME.

TAKEN FROM SEPTEMBER NO. OF

FOUNDLINGS' RECORD.

CHICAGO:
PUBLISHED BY THE CHICAGO FOUNDLINGS' HOME.
1872.

The Chicago Foundlings' Record

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

And contains notices of what is done in and for the

H O M E .

Other benevolent Institutions, of the present or past time, will also be noticed, as well as whatever may tend to confirm the faith and quicken the love of those who are waiting for the LORD'S coming.

TERMS:

FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

Subscriptions and communications should be addressed to the

EDITOR, 17 N. Peoria St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

AN EXTRACT

FROM THE SEPTEMBER NO.

Foundlings' Record.

As this number of the RECORD will fall into many new hands, it seems desirable to repeat what has already been said, regarding the origin of the Home, its object, and its management. It is clear enough that the information already made public on these points has not been very widely diffused, as many think that I am so rich that I need no aid from anybody to support a family of twenty women, and from thirty to fifty babies. One—probably not more than *one* could ever have been so ingenious—thought that I opened the Home because I was so poor and needed the income (?) of the Home to eke out my subsistence. Some think that the Home is a public institution, and supported by the city, by the fines of the Police Court, by the State, etc., etc. Some maintain that fabulous amounts are deposited with every baby, and that every one who takes a child away, leaves a pile of gold in its place. Now none of these *suppositions* are true, as will be seen from the following statement of *facts* :

ORIGIN OF THE HOME.

Several years ago, I was called to Mr. Pinkerton's Police office, to see a child a few days old, who had been exposed the night before—and it was a bitter cold night—on one of our wharves, stark naked. It could not have lain there long, of course, but, as it was, the child's limbs were frozen, and, in a few days, death kindly took it where it was more thought of. I said to myself: "It is a shame on our Christianity that there is no place for such unfortunates.

If there were, the sin of infanticide, at least, might be avoided." But I left the shame for others to bear. I had a large family of my own, was struggling with adversity, and did not see how I could assume any new burden. But though I plucked out the arrow and threw it at my neighbors, the barb was left behind, and ever and anon made known its presence. I generally quieted the pangs, after awhile, by abusing my neighbors' indifference, and refused to do what seemed more and more like a duty for *me* to do, till January, 1871. At the beginning of the year, one is very apt to look back upon the past year, and see what he has done, and what left undone. In doing so, at this time, I could not but see how often this duty had been pressed upon me, and now I saw, as I did not see before, that it was not an impossibility to do it, for, if God bade me do the work, He would find the ways and means. About this time I mentioned, incidentally, to a patient whom I was visiting, of what I had been so long time thinking, and she replied, with great animation: "Good for you! I have been thinking of the same thing, and I will give you \$100 the very day you open the door of the Home." "The voice of God!" I said to myself; and while I was brooding over these things, it seemed as if the Master himself came to me, yet hesitating, and said: "I died for you, can you not do this for me?" I was brought to that pass where I must do His bidding, at whatever cost, or utterly deny and reject Him, who loved me and gave himself for me, and I said: "Yes, Lord, at any cost, this Home shall be opened." And, on the 29th of January, it was opened, at 54 South Green street.

One and another, who had heard of my project, sent me small sums of money, so that before the Home was actually opened, I had in hand \$77.38; this, with the \$100, given as promised, were the visible means with which I engaged to take care of all the Foundlings of Chicago. As for my

own (supposed) great wealth, I was in debt, and my income did but little more than support my family. Having resolved that I would ask no one to help me in this matter, I had no one to look to but God; but having satisfied myself that it was his work, I had no anxiety, lest he should forsake it.

But, say some, "Why not do as the benevolent societies of the day all do—have managers, and directors, and solicitors." As regards the complex organizations with which benevolent enterprises are carried on, I did not desire any such, because I felt that God had given *me* the work to do; that he would direct me, and that if I had a board of managers or directors, I should have to do their will instead of His. Lately it has seemed advisable to have the Home incorporated, to ensure its perpetuity. The incorporators hold the title to the property of the Home, but the management of the affairs of the Home is still in my hands.

As regards soliciting for funds, wherewith to carry on the work, it seemed better to me to trust in God, than in man. It was His work, and I thought it right to look to Him for the means. As He had bidden me do the work, and promised to provide for and sustain me in it, I thought it would dishonor Him for me to ask any one else. I have been told often, that I should work as well as pray; but begging and working never seemed to me just the same thing, and if any one thinks such an institution can be sustained without work, he has only to try it, to be satisfied of his mistake.

Besides honoring God by looking only to Him, it was thought that the faith of his people would be confirmed by seeing an institution growing up and sustained as a work of faith, and these anticipations have not been disappointed. The good that the Home has done has not been confined to its inmates, as many are ready to testify.

If it be asked how this plan has succeeded, the reply is, in the main—well: the Home has had to contend with many hindrances, not the least of which has been my own faltering and imperfect faith, so that it is at present laboring under some embarrassments, which God, who knows the best time and the best manner, will surely remove when He sees best; at the same time, those familiar with charitable institutions unite in saying that the progress of the Home has been unprecedented.

As to the charge made here and there that I have departed from the policy at first marked out, and have solicited, directly or indirectly, I can only say that they are entirely untrue. I have never asked any one to do anything for the Home, but pray for it. The efforts which have been made in the shape of fairs, festivals, or entertainments, have most of them been made without my knowledge; some of them against my earnest protestations—none of them at my suggestion. From this policy I do not propose to depart. How the friends of the Home shall engage others to aid in its support, it is not for me to say, but the Home will solicit no one.

THE OBJECT

of the Home is, mainly, to prevent the crime of infanticide, and save the lives of the children to the State and to the world. When the Home was first opened, no children were given away; but it seemed best to pursue a different course, and now the children are given to any one who can produce evidence that he can give the child a Christian education. More than forty children have been put into Christian homes, during the few months of the existence of the Home, and every family which has taken a child, says it has the prettiest, and sweetest, and loveliest child that ever was. It is truly gratifying to see the affection to

which, and with which, these little unfortunates are received.

As regards admission to the Home, no qualifications are necessary—no questions are asked; babies who are put into the basket are taken care of, whether white or black, sick or well. Most of the babies, no doubt, are born out of wedlock, but many of them are not; the desertion of the father, the death of the mother, the heavy hand of poverty, make it necessary to seek other protectors for some of these little ones. But, be the case as it may, all who come are welcomed and tenderly cared for.

The last Legislature of this State passed a law which gives the Home a legal claim to all the children left at its door. The Home succeeds to all the legal rights of the parents. At the same time, it often happens, in course of a few days, that the mother finds she must have baby at any rate, or the father returns, or a new ray of light comes from somewhere; in such cases—unless there is some good reason to the contrary—baby is restored to its natural guardians.

Up to the present date, August 13th, two hundred and sixty-three infants have been taken in. The largest number in the Home at any time, has been fifty-three; some of these, however, were children of wet nurses. The house has already become too strait for the demands upon it, and as the lease of the present property expires on the first of May next, it has been thought desirable to secure a permanent Home. The Relief Society has given \$10,000 for this purpose. A lot has already been secured, on S. Wood street, and steps will be taken to erect a suitable edifice as soon as may be.

GEORGE E. SHIPMAN.

THE FOUNDLINGS.

BY MRS. A. C. S.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these."

Gather them in, the tender lambs,
Shelter them safe in your warm fold ;
The world is bleak, its highways rough,
Its mountain paths are steep and bold.

No pastures green or waters still
These weak and helpless ones invite ;
No spreading trees, no cooling shade,
No mead, nor fount, is there in sight.

But barren plains, and dreary waste,
Hot desert sands, or lonely moor,
Lie tracked with paths for these to tread—
God's little ones, His lonely poor.

No sweet home-lights, no mother's love,
No father's fond, protecting care,
Greet them when first from heaven they come,
In His own image, sinless, fair.

For them goes up no prayer of thanks,
O'er them no lullabys are sung,
No cradle hymns, breathed soft and low,
No fond love-words together strung.

Cast forth, neglected and alone,
Or else to unknown hands consigned,
Shall they a tenderer pity know ?
Is there a stranger love more kind ?

Yes, blessings on your noble Home,
Sweet home of hope, and peace, and rest ;
And blest it is—God's love is there,
He enters with each little guest.

Jesus hath said, whose word is true,
When earthly parents thee forsake,
Then surely I will take thee up ;
And ye've done this for Jesus's sake.

List, then, while down the track of time,
Sounding through all the ages dim,
A voice comes full, and sweet, and clear,
Who giveth His little ones giveth Him.

—Foundlings' Record.

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